

An Admirable New Northern Story,

Of two constant Lovers as I understand,
 VVere born near Appleby in Westmoreland,
 The Lads name Anthony, Constance the Lads,
 To sea they went both and great dangers did pass:
 How they suffer'd shipwrack on the Coast of Spain
 For two Years divided and then met again;
 By wonderful fortune and rare accident,
 And now both live at home with joy and content.
 The Tune is I would thou wert in Shrewsbury.



Two Lovers in the North,
 Constance and Anthony,
 Of them I will set forth
 a gallant History:

They lov'd exceeding well,
 as plainly doth appear;
 But that which I shall tell,
 the like you ne'er did hear.

Still she crys Anthony,
 my bonny Anthony,
 Gang thou by land or sea,
 I'll wend along with thee.

Anthony must to Sea,
 his Calling did him bind,
 My Constance, Dear, quoth he,
 I must leave thee behind,
 I pithoe do not grieve,
 thy tears will not prevail:
 I'll think on thee my Sweet
 when the Ships under sail.
 But still, &c.

How may that be? said he,
 consider well the case:
 Quoth the Sweet Anthony,
 I'll abide not in this place.
 If thou gang so will I,
 of the means do not doubt:
 A woman's Policy
 great matters may set out:
 My bonny, &c.

I would be very glad,
 but pithoe tell me how?
 I'll dress me like a Lad,
 what sayst thou to me now?
 The Sea thou canst not brook,
 yes very well (quoth she)
 I'll Scullion to the Cook
 for thy Sweet company.
 My bonny, &c.

Anthony's leave she had,
 and dress'd in Mans array,
 She seem'd the blishest Lad
 seen on a Summers Day.
 O see what Love can do,
 at home she will not bide:
 With her true Love she'll go,
 let weal or woe beside.
 My dearest, &c.

In the Ship 'twas her lot
 to be the under Cook;
 And at the fire her,
 wonderful pains she took:
 She serv'd e'ery one,
 sitting to their degree;
 And now and then alone,
 she kiss'd Anthony.
 My bonny Anthony,
 my bonny Anthony,
 Gang thou by land or sea,
 I'll wend along with thee.



A Lack and welladay
by tempest on the Main,
Their Ship was cast away
upon the Coast of Spain:
To th' mercy of the waves,
they all committed were,
Constance her own self saves,
then she cries for her dear.
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Swimming upon a Plank,
at Bilbo she got ashore
First she did heave thank,
then she lamented sore,
O woe is me (said she)
the saddest Lads alive,
My dearest Anthony,
now on the Sea both drive.
My bonny, &c.

What shall become of me?
why do I strive for more,
With my sweet Anthony,
I never shall see more?
Alas Constance do not grieve,
the same good providence,
 hath saved thy lover sweet,
but he is far from hence,
Still, &c.

A Spanish Merchant rich
saw this fair Spanish Lad,
That did lament so much;
and was so piteous sad:
He had in England been
and English understood,
He having heard and seen
he in amazement stood:
Still she cries Anthony &c.

The Merchant asked her
what was that Anthony:
Quoth the My Brother Sir
who came from thence with me.
He did her entertain
thinking she was a Boy;
Two years he did remain
before she met her joy.
Still she cries &c.

Anthony up was tane
by an English Runagade,
With whom he did remain
at the Sea-roving trade:
F' th nature of a Slave
he did f' th Galley row;
Thus he his life did save
but Constance did not know:
Still she cries Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea
He wend along with thee.

How mark what came to pass;
see how the fates did work:
A Ship that her Master was
surprized this English Turk,
And into Bilbo brought
all that aboard her were;
Constance still little thought
Anthony was so near.
Still she cries &c.

When they were come on shore
Anthony and the rest,
She who was sad before
was now with joy possest:
The Merchant much did muse
at this so sudden change,
He did demand the News,
which unto him was strange:
Now she, &c.

Upon her knees she fell
unto her Master kind;
And all the truth did tell,
nothing she kept behind:
At which he did admire,
and in a Ship of Spain,
Not paying for their hire,
he sent them home again.
Now she, &c.

The Spanish Merchant rich
did of his bounty give,
A sum of Gold, on which
they now most bravely live:
And now in Westmoreland
they were join'd hand in hand,
Constance and Anthony,
they live in mirth and glee,
Now she cries Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Good Providence we see,
hath guarded thee and me.

FINIS.

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